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Poems.

Hattie Howard.



POEMS

BY

HATTIE HOWARD.

“It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any one obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.”

— *Coleridge.*

HARTFORD, CONN.

1886.

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DEDICATION.

These random rhymes were written solely for my own diversion, and with no thought of making a book. But at the earnest solicitations of those who profess to have been edified and amused by my fragmentary verses, I have collected them into this little volume, hoping that the dear friends who in the hour of need have proven friends "in deed," will accept it in the same spirit of affectionate good-will with which it is hereby dedicated to them

BY THE AUTHOR.



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❖ Poem ❖

September Song.

These beautiful days of September
For me have a wonderful charm,
Because of the joys I remember
Of old autumn-life on the farm.

Was ever a spot more inviting
To wayfarer weary and lone ?
Where guests ever vied in requiting
The manifold courtesies shown.

Where industry rendered abundant
Each annual gathering-in
Of harvests, till rich and redundant
Became every storehouse and bin.

As benisons graciously given,
That household I cannot forget
Accepted the largess of heaven,
And humbly acknowledged the debt.

Oh, earth has a million of places
To tarry — but only one home !
And dear to my heart are the faces
That haunt me wherever I roam.

Among them is one of a brother,
So ardent and loyal and brave ;
In battle like many another,
His life for his country he gave.

A leader, collected and ready,
'Mid tumult of cannon and shell —
“ On, comrades ! and keep the line steady ! ”
The words that he uttered — and fell.

How meager appear the diversions
That then could rusticity please !
The quilting-bees, huskings, excursions
In “ pirogues ” hewn out of the trees.

A saucy-faced maiden of twenty,
In home-made habiliments dressed,
If parties and suitors were plenty,
No higher ambition possessed.

But under my eyelids are welling
Sad tears for the dearest of earth,
The promise and light of our dwelling —
For this was the month of her birth.

I am sure that so gentle a spirit,
Embodying goodness and love —
Her birthright — must also inherit
A place in the “mansions above.”

Before me in exquisite vision
Are scenes that enchanted me then,
And in this September Elysian
The past I live over again.

Sympathy.

So oft the telegraphic wire
Repeats some startling, harrowing tale
Of crime and famine, flood and fire,
Of bitter want or sorrow's wail,
That many a sympathetic soul
Which once a touch of nature stirred
Indifferent grows, until the whole
Is heard but as an idle word.

But cold indeed the heart must be
That is not turned by pity's weight
To that lone city by the sea,
In ashes sitting desolate;
Her hapless, homeless people fled,
Or crouching low by ruined walls,
Unfed, unclad, uncomforted —
A scene humanity appalls.

When proud Chicago writhed in flame —
The glory of our great Northwest —
From Texas, Southern sister, came
Relief surpassing all the rest;
When Pestilence o'erswept the land
And Life and Hope were almost gone,
Benevolence the distance spanned
And help went out from Galveston.

And when we strove in battle's heat
And combated the nation's foe,
Some hearts there were that loyal beat
Along the Gulf of Mexico;
So let these memories ever live
And bind us like a golden chain,
Till by the aid that we shall give
The sufferer revives again.

“The Melancholy Days.”

Are these “the melancholy days”
That poets sometimes write about
So querulous, one scarce can doubt
That some uneasy qualm, or pout
Inspired their half-complaining lays?

Why, happy Time too swiftly flies
In joy-filled moments, such as these !
When Nature's aim seems but to please
By interweaving harmonies
That thrill our souls, and feast our eyes.

Who reads aright her open book,
Emblazoned, finds on every page
Some new delight for youth or age ;
A paean, or a sermon sage
In rock, and tree, and flowing brook.

Upon the hills a poem lies ;
Nocturnes are whispered through the trees,
And caught by every passing breeze ;
And, from the vale, sweet symphonies,
As by an angel chorus, rise.

The year is dying, it is said —
Can Death be beautiful as this ?
Without regret, it must be bliss
To give to earth the parting kiss
And thus approach one's dying bed.

O it were sweet to know that Death
Thus beautiful, robbed of its sting,
That makes it an unwelcome thing,
Could come to us ! who then would cling
To Life, or grudge th' expiring breath ?

Thought Cannot Die.

The costly tablet man may rear,
And on its polished face
With careful hand from year to year,
His deeds of valor trace;
Proclaiming thus to human ken
His worth and right to claim
Due homage from his fellow-men,
And hope for lasting fame.

The storied temple he may build,
And deck its altar-shrine
With handicraft, refined and skilled.
And jewels from the mine;
May past unworthiness efface
And make his glory sure,
By giving in its aisles a place
To God's deserving poor.

His skill may make a palace-car
Luxurious in case,
While wind and wave shall bear afar
His freighted argosies;
Some favored turn of Fortune's wheel
The wealth of earth may pour
In coffers that shall scarce conceal
Their overflowing store.

Upon the rough-hewn stepping-stones
Of poverty and want
He may ascend, till kingly thrones
His spirit shall not daunt;
For on his ladder's highest round,
Proud monarchs shall revere
The hero true, by valor crowned,
And own him as their peer.

But stately tower or battlement
Shall yield to slow decay,
Bright honor, fame, emolument —
All these shall pass away;
And, as alike o'er good and bad,
The marble shaft shall rise,
This epitaph, suggestive, sad,
Is written, "Here he lies!"

While he who frees a golden thought
Upon the wings of Time
Hath unawares and wisely wrought
A deed far more sublime;
For this shall live, beneficent,
Inspiring hope and trust
When tower and fane and monument
Have crumbled into dust.

The Old-fashioned House.

Of all the tender and comforting things
That now and then sweet memory brings,
There's nothing dearer that love recalls
Than the old-fashioned house with its white-washed
walls.

Not a mansion to-day, though a marvel of art,
Can ever usurp its place in my heart;
For there my earliest prayers were said,
And I slept at night in a trundle bed.

'Neath coverlids reaching from feet to chin,
By a mother's hand tucked gently in,
And a good-night kiss on my tired brow —
Oh, earth holds no such blessing now !

A garden was fragrant in flower beds
Where marigolds lifted their velvet heads,
And warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew,
The bachelor-button and touch-me-not grew.

In a river, that curved like a shepherd's crook,
We fished for minnows with bent pin hook;
Or with little bare feet oft waded through,
And bravely "paddled our own canoe."

'Twas a home of welcome no one could doubt,
Whose latch-string hung invitingly out,
And many a stranger supped at its board
While blazing logs in the chimney roared.

O this is an age of reform and change!
And things æsthetic, modern, and strange —
Improvements that savor of silver and gold
Are superseding the cherished and old.

But I turn from palaces, built for show,
With mansard roofs, and stories below
Of frescoed, kalsomined, dadoed halls,
To the old-fashioned house with its white-washed
walls.

My Pictures.

They are not set in frames of gold,
Nor painted by the masters old,
Whose names are celebrated
For deft and true artistic touch;
But still I prize them quite as much,
And gaze on them elated.

Nor were these treasures handed me
An heirloom from the family tree,
And rich in many a blessing
From pious ancestry — nor were
They purchased by a connoisseur
Rare cultured taste possessing.

But in my chamber, while I slept,
Some magic artist softly stepped
From distant realms Elysian,
And wrought upon my window-pane
Such wondrous pictures, that I fain
Believe I see a vision.

His cunning hand disdained the light,
And fashioned in the gloom of night,
Such strange designs — I wonder
If, 'twixt me and the heavenly land,
That shadowy veil by his command
Has not been rent asunder.

While I in admiration stand,
And to that viewless master-hand
My silent homage tender,
The morning sunlight, glancing through,
Makes one kaleidoscopic view
Of rich prismatic splendor.

I fancy that I see the wall
Of jasper, amethyst, and all
Celestial gems combining,
That round the New Jerusalem
Gleams like a royal diadem
In heavenly luster shining.

A great white throne I now behold,
The King thereon, the streets of gold,
And waiting seraphs kneeling;
The open pearly gates disclose
The ever-living stream that flows
Beneath the trees of healing.

And thus do busy fancies throng
My curious brain, and make me long
To know that great Designer,
Who thus works out his secret plan,
So far exceeding skill of man,
And infinitely finer.

The sun looks down with ardent ray,
And soon, alas! will melt away
My treasures evanescent;
But they have not been wrought in vain,
For memory of them shall remain
A joy forever present.

And I shall see the counterpart
Of that blest scene that won my heart
For one delightful hour ;
The world is wide — I look abroad
“Through Nature up to Nature’s God.”
And own his wondrous power.

The Mission of the flowers.

Just over the way there
Was crape on the door,
Looped up with a ribbon of white ;
And I knew that a dear
One had passed on before
To her home in that land of delight.

I knew of the sorrow
Bereavement imparts,
Of grief, when a loved one is gone,
And thought of the great
Aching void in their hearts,
Till my own was in sympathy drawn.

Low down in the valley
Of shadows I know
Friends walked in the deepest of gloom ;
And often I wondered
If aught I could do
Their desolate way to illumine.

They were strangers to me,
And no words could I say,
But I thought all at once of my flowers —
How often they'd driven
My sorrow away,
And brightened my loneliest hours.

So I gathered the loveliest
Blossoms I had
To send on their mission of love,
And wondered if *she*
Could look down — and be glad —
From her beautiful mansion above.

My flowers spoke for me,
And touched a heart-chord
That thrilled in responsiveness true;
And echoed the joy
That became my reward
That the "mission of flowers" I knew.

A Dream.

How strange ! it seems but yesterday
I clasped thee to my ardent heart !
And now, a thousand leagues away
Beyond the swelling seas thou art.

Oh! wearily the hours have sped
Since that sad day when last we met
And parted, while the sun o'erhead
Grew darker, as in fond regret.

But nights of gloom that shroud my soul
Are lighted up by dreams of thee —
Sweet dreams! which could I but control
Would last through all eternity.

'T was such an one, the other night,
Illumed this dreary world of mine
As with a ray of heavenly light,
And filled my heart with joy divine.

A meteor in my darkened sky
Thy spirit came, as o'er the deep,
And wiped the tear-drop from my eye
And calmed the wave of troubled sleep.

Encircling arms dispelled my pain;
A tender voice, a phantom kiss,
A loving smile revived again
Old, unforgotten days of bliss.

But sad the wakening — sad to know
That this, the brief refulgent gleam
Of happiness, that thrilled me so,
Was but the rapture of a dream.

A vision bright that came and went,
One flash of joy, and all was o'er ;
A boon which Heaven a moment lent
And then withdrew forevermore.

'T were vain to wish thy hours of rest
With thoughts of one might radiant be
Who, of thy friendship still possessed,
Through all the years remembers thee.

But may I hope, while far apart
We are, and others win thy praise,
Thou wilt not quite forget the heart
That bows in love to thee always.

The Week of Prayer.

“ A season of refreshing from
The presence of the Lord ”
Ensues when saints together come,
And join in sweet accord
To praise the “ Giver of all good ” ;
And, for His constant care,
To render heartfelt gratitude —
As in the “ Week of Prayer.”

Impelled by one uplifting thought
Came forth "the praying band"
From palace hall, or lowly cot,
All over this broad land;
And who can doubt that from above,
In heavenly realms of air,
The angels looked, in wond'ring love,
And blessed the "Week of Prayer"?

By fireside, in busy mart,
As by concerted plan,
A common impulse stirred the heart
Of universal man
To consecrate the dawning year,
In promise bright and fair,
To Him who have the thought sincere
Of that first "Week of Prayer."

'T were meet, indeed, to choose one week
From fifty-two or more,
For His benignity to seek,
And clemency implore;
But every week throughout the year
The same sweet name should bear
That every Christian must revere—
The precious "Week of Prayer."

The golden years are passing by !
May we in prayerful mood
Abide, until the end draws nigh,
For " God is ever good,"
And richest blessings shall come down
If we our hearts prepare,
And His approval fitly crown
Each hallowed " Week of Prayer."

An Unknown Friend.

I've grown to love that unknown friend,
On whom my grateful thoughts depend ;
And wish I might some message send
My gratitude expressing,
For bountiful, Thanksgiving cheer
That comes with each recurring year,
And proves " a friend is ever near,"
Whose love invokes my blessing.

I marvel who that one may be,
Who kindly deigns to favor me
With such substantial sympathy,
And whether man or woman
Does this the welcome gift bestow —
More blest than I in doing so —
I'm sure the friend I long to know
Is more divine than human.

My secret thoughts oft cling around
One whom true honor long hath crowned ;
Whose noble heart, by chance I found,
 My devious way pursuing ;
From whose right hand, where'er it goes,
True bounty, like a river, flows ;
And still, the prudent left hand knows
 Not what the right is doing.

Again I wonder — till I fain
Believe the picture in my brain,
That fades but to return again,
 Can surely be no other
Than One whom all unite to praise ;
Who searches out life's thorny ways,
And to each fainting heart displays
 The kindness of a brother.

Thus every day I cogitate,
With anxious heart, and longing, wait
To know the friend whom happy Fate
 To me hath kindly given ;
But, if my hope I must resign,
And may not know, or take in mine
The hand that gives — so near divine —
 It will be known in Heaven.

Trinity College.

O Trinity! thy turrets gleam
In proximate suburban space
Like vast cathedral towers, and seem
Suggestive of some holy place;
Some quiet, quaint, monastic spot,
Within whose deep reclusive shade
Benignant priors might have taught,
And strangely solemn friars prayed.

Grand metamorphosis of rocks!
A blemish once on nature's face,
By sudden expedited shocks
Of man's designing, rent apace;
The work of master-architect
Amorphous mass who shaped anew,
That magic-like, without defect,
Into thy storied structure grew.

O symbol of a golden age
That typifies, in solid stone,
A progress neither seer nor sage
Of ancient time had ever known!
For in symmetric, stately walls
Is dignified an honored name
That Athens' classic haunts recalls,
And rivals Alexandria's claim.

Here Xenophon's delightful maze
Allures the philologic mind,
Or Plato's facile, honeyed phrase
Ambitious youth their model find;
While Homer's bold hexameters,
And Virgil's matchless epic lines,
To Poesy's wild worshipers
Are sacred as their altar-shrines.

Thy bounds encircle forum-ground
Where embryonic Presidents
The key to statesmanship have found,
Or latent gift of eloquence;
While, promised guerdon of his dreams,
More radiant than kingly crown,
To many a bright aspirant, seems
The ermined robe, or surplice-gown.

Proud alma mater thou hast been
Of scores of earth's successful sons
Who, in life's broad arena, win
The plaudits of less favored ones;
Who toy with fame, and are beset
By honor and prosperity —
But never, never quite forget
Their love and reverence for thee.

Within thy portals year by year,
From every clime beneath the sun,
May those assemble who revere
The majesty of "Three in One";
Thus, o'er the daisied fields around
Where student-feet shall press the sod,
With nature's worship shall resound
The voice of praise to nature's God.

An Episode.

Like treasure-trove, within a chest
For years it lay securely hid,
Till busy hands, one day possessed
Of leave to raise the ponderous lid,
'Mong other relics quickly caught
This old memento, half-forgot.

Time-tinted 't was, and redolent;
As if its hiding-place had been
A chaliced flower, diffusing scent
As sweet as rose or jessamine —
But I remember, now I think,
'T was that delicious violet ink!

Of all refined dulciloquy
Expressed in that "first valentine" —
No wonder that it seemed to me,
In greener years, almost divine,
As I read on with bated breath,
The loyal ending — "Yours, till death."

An artist in his native land,
His skill acknowledged far and wide,
With fame and wealth at his command —
What boon before had been denied
To him who had the missive penned,
And craved a dearer name than friend?

Who would have thought it? Cousin Fay!
The revelation was a blow
That almost took my breath away —
I pitied him — 'twas years ago—
He's living yet. Can Earth impart
No solace to his broken heart?

A letter from a friend since then
My kinsman Raphael depicts
Wrapped up — oh, paradox of men!
In his sweet wife and children six;
And so for him no more I sigh —
If one needs pity, do not I?

Christmas.

We reveled in the joy of
December's greatest boon ;
Fair, sunny skies, as cloudless
And radiant as June.

Like healing balm, the sunshine
Poured out its softest rays ;
While lengthened bits of twilight
Eked out the shortened days.

Anon, a transformation,
Revealed by morning light —
And all the earth is covered
With robes of dazzling white.

We doubt no more that winter,
That seemed so far away,
Uncertain, long-delaying,
Has come, and come to stay.

The tender benediction
That crowns the dying year,
In every heart accords with
A thought of Christmas cheer.

An ancient custom lighted
The glowing "yule-log" fire —
'Tis ours to add the beauty
Of holiday attire.

Through gorgeous windows peering
On gayest festal scenes,
The urchin ponders over
His slender stock of means.

In huge bazaars, resplendent
With treasures rich and gay,
Mammas select the presents
For which papas must pay.

Each home a rich museum,
Aladdin's palace is;
Its hidden wealth provoking
Untold anxieties.

'Tis said, "It is more blessed
To give, than to receive!"
O let us prove the maxim,
And *know* what we believe!

"The poor are with you always!"
He wins a diadem
Who, of his Christmas largesse,
Reserves a share for them.

Gratitude.

O could I dip my barbarous quill
In fountains of cerulean ink,
And catch the merry, mellow trill
Of robin red or bobolink,
I'd frame, in tuneful, tinkling phrase,
For him of bounteous works and ways
Who well deserves this meed of praise,
The sweetest of all lyric lays!

If I could call the angels down,
And from their own bright jewels cull
A star to glisten in his crown —
With sparkling gems already full —
'T would faintly show my gratitude
To one whose gracious deference stood
As recompense for conduct rude
From grosser natures interviewed.

If I, so notable, could weave
A shining robe, like silver lawn,
On some ambrosial, amber eve
I'd beg of him to put it on;
That its enchanting folds might gleam
Before his dazzled eyes, and seem
Symbolical of true esteem
For him of whom I dare to dream.

O could I claim the monarch's right,
That of creating lords — of men —
With royal favor I'd requite
His generosity ; and then
Proclaim, as if in trumpet-tone,
That every courtier round the throne
Should do him honor, who hath grown
Into my heart, from kindness shown !

Song — A Merry Heart.

O a merry heart ! it doeth good,
And like a panacea is
Whose properties once understood,
How strange ! that anybody should
Disdain this best of remedies.

For a merry heart, like a medicine,
Relieves distress, and lightens care ;
A rift of sunshine that, let in
Where melancholy long hath been,
Will counteract and cheat despair.

A merry heart and a smiling face
That not a cloud nor frown doth know,
May penetrate some lowly place
Where its serene, reflective grace
Shall make the live-long day aglow.

O a merry heart goes hand in hand
With a light, elastic tread, as free
As the air one breathes of his native land,
Or breezes wafted o'er the strand
From spicy islands of the sea.

A merry heart is the "mind-cure" true!
For it brings the strength and vigor back
To invalids, that erst they knew,
And quickly gives of the rose's hue
To pallid cheeks the bloom they lack.

A merry heart an index is
Of that sweet peace, whose sure control
Evokes from Life's discordancies
Such wonderful sweet harmonies
As might enchant a seraph soul.

Waiting.

I waited when the storm was wild,
Until the face of Nature smiled,
And Earth and Heaven were reconciled.

I waited when the skies were fair,
And richest odors filled the air,
And sunshine rested everywhere.

When sweetest notes of melody,
From tuneful birds in every tree,
Seemed warbled but to gladden me.

I waited when the sun was low,
And bathed the woodlands in a glow
Of tints that art could not bestow.

A hand unseen, beneficent,
The rainbow's arch of splendor bent
With dying sunset glories blent.

I waited while the veil of night
Was slowly drawn before my sight
And fastened with a star of light.

When slumber reigned the world around,
I waited still the glad rebound
Of hope, by sweet fruition crowned.

Thus day by day, from earliest dawn
Till evening's latest guest is gone,
With lagging pace the hours go on.

Still patiently I meditate
On brighter days, that soon or late,
Will surely come, if I but wait.

June.

The melody woke by the Spring's fairy fingers
 In every tree,
Like sweet voices heard in some happy dream lingers
 In memory.

All Nature is joyous to greet the fair comer ;
 Like falling rain
A voice floats from Heaven proclaiming that Summer
 Is here again.

Busy bees in the sweet blossom bells now are swinging,
 And everywhere
The buds and leaves bend to their low drowsy singing,
 In the still air.

'T were joy thus to live 'mid abundance of flowers,
 From day to day ;
In sunshine and gladness, till Life's golden hours
 Shall pass away.

And joy, when the noon of its beautiful summer
 Wanes to the fall,
If peace shall illumine the path of that Comer,
 Who comes to all.

Pomona's Gifts.

To denizens of dusty streets
That circumscribe their pent abodes,
By chance who traverse rural roads,
The charming sight itself repeats,
Again and oft, of luscious sweets
Uppiled in verdant, cool retreats.

Inviting clusters load the vine,
Whose flavor hid in spheric shapes
Belies the tale of "Sour Grapes";
For taste of which so saccharine,
The reason why may one divine
The philosophic fox should pine.

O angels! it is hard to pray
"Into temptation lead us not"!
Who every step are nearer brought
Where plenty maketh glad the way,
As oases the desert gray,
Or beacon lights the harbor bay.

And hard to interdict the hand
From reaching through our neighbor's fence —
Forgive the covetous intents! —
Where monarchs of the orchard stand,
And scatter treasures as the sand
Is strewn along the ocean strand.

Would "Prohibition's" strict decree
Forbid that one delicious draught,
The nectar that our fathers quaffed,
Our lips should moisten — just to see,
In its bouquet and purity,
Its honest maker's guaranty ?

Pomona ! goddess said to be
To whom the pagan tribes of old,
At altar shrines adorned with gold,
With bodies prone or bended knee,
Confessed thy generosity,
And orisons poured out as free !

Is it thy hand, subordinate
To an unchanging, loving will,
That lavishly such wealth doth spill
Of fruitage ripe in autumn late,
Beyond the city's outer gate,
Where lanes and highways deviate ?

Ah, no ; for heathen evermore
Imagine vain and foolish things —
As beings strange with airy wings
In fair Elysium that soar
And hold their sway o'er sea and shore —
The deities of mythic lore.

But we, intelligent, endued
With higher wisdom, reverence
The God who is Beneficence ;
And for His gifts each year renewed
Attune our songs in gratitude,
And praise the Giver of all good.

Who Cares?

Don't pour in everybody's ear
The story of your hapless lot !
How heavy taxes were last year,
Or that the farm you lately bought
Is proving an investment dear,
And not the bargain that you thought.

Don't try to make the world believe
That you're a poor unfortunate !
That favors which you should receive
Come not at all — or come too late ;
The world will never stop to grieve
A moment o'er your luckless fate.

Don't button-hole upon the street
A friend or neighbor, unawares,
And with a rueful face repeat
That doleful tale about the tares
Appearing in your choicest wheat —
Why should you think your neighbor cares ?

Don't hail a person, as he goes
With hurried air and ringing tread,
To tell him of your private woes !
In half an hour should you be dead,
How long the fact, do you suppose,
Would interest his busy head ?

Don't let the world know all about
Your petty, pitiful affairs !
For some will smile, and others doubt ;
A few, perhaps, will in their prayers
Remember you — the few devout —
But, after all, nobody cares.

Mysterious.

It was on a winter's night,
And the wind blew sharp and shrill ;
Brightly glowed the anthracite
Lighting up my domicile,
When before the fire I brought
My fauteuil, soft and low,
Cushioned, carved, and quaintly wrought
In the style of long ago.

Care had vanished with the day,
And, as by the fire-light rays,
Fancy in a dreamy way
Pictured scenes of other days ;
Skillfully her fingers drew,
Silently, defined, and clear,
One bright panoramic view
Of the past forever dear.

Oh, the night was wild without,
And the skies were grim and cold ;
Drifted snow-banks piled about
Acres hid of frozen mold ;
But within, as though 't were Spring,
Piping out their chansonnettes
I could hear the robins sing,
I could smell the violets.

So I dreamed — and woke to find,
Roused from this delightful nap,
From an unknown donor kind
Something lying in my lap ;
Such a pretty birthday card !
As if wafted from above,
With a couplet from that bard
Who divinely sang of love.

Just a bit of pasteboard, fringed
Necktie style and squarely cut,
Double-faced and ecru-tinged
Like a million others — but
Exquisite in flowers rare,
Pioneers in blossoming,
Redolent of balmy air,
Fragrant with the breath of Spring.

How it came I never knew,
Nor the “Open Sesame”
That my door responded to —
It is all a mystery —
But to me 't will ever seem
Angels dropped it in my room ;
Inspiration of my dream,
Sweet with violet perfume.

Tristesse.

Oh, weary steps ! Why follow where
No joys illumine,
O'er trodden paths, so hard and bare,
And dark with gloom ?

Tumult is misery, and naught
That earth contains
Is coveted, like some blest spot
Where quiet reigns.

Away from "busy haunts of men,"
The ceaseless din,
Behold! — an unfrequented glen,
And rest within.

Thy countless charms, O Solitude!
By sages sung,
Are recognized in this deep wood;
A kindly tongue,

In rock, and tree, and flowing brook,
That whispers peace;
A voice from every sheltered nook
Bids sorrow cease.

Sweet evening breezes fan the face,
And cool the brow,
While day-light wanes, with matchless grace,
Unknown till now.

There's naught, that hinders pure delight,
Can enter here;
And none, but "voices of the night,"
Salute the ear.

'T is joy to know, as o'er the way
The shadows creep,
There comes, to close the impassioned day,
Forgetting sleep.

The Land of Roses.

Afar from these changeable, chilly,
Hyperborean regions of ours,
Lies a land that is melting in sunshine,
And sweet with the odor of flowers.

A land where the broad Mississippi
Pours out her great heart to the sea —
Whose fair Crescent City gives promise
Of grandeur and glory to be.

'T is the goal of the Paradise-seeker,
Resplendent in vernal attire ;
The aim of the tourist's ambition,
The invalid's longing desire.

There roses are everywhere blooming
On trellis, veranda, and wall —
Mareschal Neil, or the rare "Gold of Ophir,"
The fairest, and favorite of all.

A pink flush suffusing its petals,
The yellow of gold at its heart,
Make this the perfection of roses —
Beyond imitation of art.

Sweet roses run rife in the market,
Embellish the hot-house and lawn,
And tempt the admirer to purchase
Till roses have faded and gone.

My lady displays at her bodice
A marvelous fragrant bouquet,
And weaves for her forehead a chaplet
Of roses, in tasteful array.

The lover selects for his mistress
Jacqueminot, or the creamy Lamarque
In scarce-opened buds, emblematic
Of true love's incipient spark.

'Mid roses in lavish profusion,
Inhaling the scent-laden air
The sojourner lingers, believing
Perennial spring-time is there.

'T is the home of "The Great Exposition" —
Oh! who that has money and time
Can banish desire for basking
Awhile in that tropical clime?

To One Afar.

It seems the days will never end
Apart from thee, my one dear friend,
Whom every hour my thoughts attend.

Fair morning dawns in dewy grace
And seeks, with kisses on my face,
Night's ling'ring tear-drops to erase.

Like fragrant censers swung in air
Exhaling odor rich and rare,
Sweet flower-bells are everywhere.

Gay carols warbled wild and free
From tuneful throats in every tree
Ring out in wondrous harmony.

While, fair æolians in disguise
With unseen harps, the breezes rise
And chant their softest lullabies.

And with them other strains combine
That seem less human than divine,
And gladden every heart — but mine.

For everything I hear or see
Becomes dispiriting to me,
Because — it is not shared with thee.

And skies, however bright and clear,
Surcharged with gloom to me appear,
For I am sad — thou art not here.

Meek patience I impersonate,
And looking, longing, wond'ring, wait
For thy return — if soon or late.

Thy lot I know is happiness —
For thee doth Heaven delight to bless —
And my lament but selfishness.

That *thou* art glad explaineth why
The world around thee smiles, and I
Am happier — when thou art nigh.

As boundless as its sympathies
All tenderness thy nature is,
To bear with mine infirmities.

And thou dost find with secret art
Thy way into a weary heart,
And lease of strength anew impart.

How long — how long wilt thou delay ?
Who unawares hast borne away
The melody and joy of day.

O from that far-alluring shore
Come back, I pray thee, and restore
Its gladness unto Life once more !

Cast Down.

“ Out of the depths ”, I cry,
And know Thou hearest me,
Who, from Thy throne on high,
In tender sympathy
Art looking down where I
O’ershadowed, cling to Thee.

Dark grows the path I tread ;
And when the gloom of night,
Around me and o'erhead,
Shall steal upon my sight,
Oh ! shall I then be led
By Thy celestial light ?

Thick clouds obscure my sky —
I walk in shifting sand
Where pitfalls thickly lie,
And scarce can understand
That there is ever nigh
My Father's guiding hand.

Oh ! may I not despair,
Though by affliction tried ;
Still may I look up where
Sits Christ, the Crucified,
And cast on Him my care,
And in His love abide.

A June Idyl.

I dream that I dwell in a beautiful bower,
Transported intact from some tropical land ;
Enriched with as rare and bewildering a dower
Of beauty and fragrance as one could demand.

The fairest of flowers are freely perfuming
The air that surrounds me wherever I tread;
For under my window syringas are blooming,
And apple-tree blossoms are thick overhead.

The lilac's luxuriant cones are beginning
To open their petals to sunshine and dew,
And orchards like spicy amomum are winning
Their merited share of encomium too.

Delicious and delicate rose exhalations
Commingle with violets dotting the lawn,
Where from the corollas of lovely carnations
The humming-bird sips till their sweetness is gone.

Rich blooms hyacinthine, but tardily started,
Are now of as exquisite odor possessed
As memories dear of companions departed,
Or scent-laden breezes from Araby blest.

To swing in a hammock 'mid such efflorescence
Is quite the perfection of indolent bliss —
I wonder if ever in sweet adolescence
My visions of Eden were fairer than this!

Just over the way a fresh silver soprano
A soul full of melody seems to repeat,
Where Katie is seated beside the piano
Rehearsing "The vale where the bright waters
meet."

It carries me back to that story by Shelley —

Oh, no! — I forget — 't was delightful Tom Moore
Who wrote about Lalla, the princess of Delhi,

And — only for love — the long journey she bore.

How well I remember, when ardent and glowing

With notions romantic, the pleasure I took
In reading the poem, and wished I were going
To be a Sultana — like fair Lalla Rookh!

O strong the illusion, and binding the glamour

A poet can give! — it seems perfectly clear,
Though thought is maturer and fancy is calmer,
That I am indeed in the vale of Cashmere!

A Dream.

I've had a sweet glimpse

Of a far-away land;

In dreaming, it came unto me;

I thought I was walking

Alone by the strand

Of a placid and beautiful sea,

Its borders abounded

With verdure and life;

And beyond was a city, so fair,

That with it in grandeur

And elegance rife,

There's nothing on earth can compare.

And angels were there, too ;
Though I've never seen
Them, I know how the angels must look ;
And one of majestic
And heavenly mien,
Was writing down names in a book.

I wondered if that were
The book, we are told,
Where the names of the blessed appear ;
In that beautiful land
Where the streets are of gold,
And the light is so wondrously clear.

I longed to know whether
My name was placed there,
And could not resist, till I spoke
To the angel, who looked
O'er the record with care,
But before he could answer, — I woke.

I'm so disappointed,
And wish that I had
Received a response to my call ;
For often I fear —
And the thought is so sad —
That it might not have been there at all.

Good-Bye to Dr. Sage.

Oh, we shall miss his presence here,
His counsels, wise and kind,
The guiding hand, the helpful cheer
That made him friend and pastor dear
To whom all hearts inclined !

When far away, shall memory
Ofttimes to us reveal
That earnest face we loved to see,
The lips that spake so worthily
When touched by heavenly zeal.

His manly form and noble brow
Shall be remembered long ;
The regal mind to which we bow,
The loving heart that taught us how
“ To suffer, and be strong.”

But our affections shall he bear
Through many a future day ;
And still our truest friendship share
While thoughts, light-winged with love and prayer,
Pursue him on his way.

And he, with Life's untrodden ways
Before him, fresh and new,
Shall turn to “ scenes of other days,”
To hearts that name him but to praise
And give him homage due.

Be kind to him, benignant Fate !
And let not absence dim,
Nor length of time obliterate
The virtues we would emulate
As oft we think of him.

And friends and neighbors yet to be,
Whose gain shall be our loss,
Be true to him, and learn as we
Of him in all humility
Who bravely bears the cross.

May richest blessings hover round
His far-off Western home,
May health and happiness be found,
And life with Heaven's approval crowned
Where'er his footsteps roam.

And O our Father ! guard thou well
That happy household band
For whom our hearts with sorrow swell,
As we regretful tears repel
And give the parting hand.

For them shall bells of memory chime
While flowers gem the sod,
Until, beyond the cares of Time
We meet, within that brighter clime,
Around the throne of God.

JULY, 1884.

Missed.

Untenanted their mansion stands,
Bereft of every trace
Of those whose dextrous, facile hands,
Could so control unwieldy plans,
And things dispose in place.

All through these Indian Summer days,
Upon the terrace lie
The mellow sunlight's golden rays,
That flash athwart the dreamy haze
Beneath the Autumn sky.

Before the portal, where no feet
Disturb the leaves, all sere,
We pause, and half expect to greet
The loving friends we used to meet —
Alas! they are not here.

We miss them ever, just the same
As when they went away,
And just as fondly breathe their name
As neighbors gather and exclaim :
“ Would they were here to-day ! ”

In social cheer, and labor wrought
We recognize the lack

Of aid and sympathy, and naught
Can dissipate the hopeful thought
That they will yet — come back.

A thousand things suggest the sense
Of our unworthiness
To be the blest recipients
Of love, whose sweet munificence
Conferred such happiness.

O will they not forgive, wherein
We may have done amiss,
And place, against regretted sin,
The wish we had more faithful been,
And but remember this?

That, though by careless act or word
Unguarded and undue,
In human frailty we have erred
And oft their tender anguish stirred,
Our *hearts* were always true.

Unto that far-off home to-night
Is wafted many a thought,
By those directed in its flight
Whom they have sought to guide aright,
And who forget them not.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

At Half Mast.

No joyful song is mine to-day
Because at early morning,
That solemn bell not far away
Pealed forth its dreadful warning;
And through my heart a shudder went
For by arrangement given,
That General Grant — the signal meant —
Had passed from earth to Heaven.

Then, later, down the street I passed
So sad — almost to crying —
For all around me at half mast
The “ stripes and stars ” were flying;
And friendly faces that I sought
Were signs of sorrow wearing —
That is, all who in kindly thought
Are our dead hero bearing.

For some will scoff instead of sigh,
And wickedly upbraid him —
But there are those who would defy
And curse the God who made him;
And some beside his bier will crave
A place, and round him hover
Who — ghouls, and heartless! — from the grave
Would tear its sacred cover.

O, shame ! for aye throughout the land
Let theirs be detestation,
Who would have manacled the hand
Of him who saved the nation ;
On his high tower how harmless fall
Alike reproach and slander,
While deeds of war and peace recall
The worth of our commander.

Then wheresoever, o'er the world,
The name of " Grant " is spoken,
Let flags half-masted be unfurled
As grief's expressive token ;
For naught to him are honors now
Which, through the years, have crowned him,
Who lies upon the mountain brow
His banner wrapped around him.

O let us hope, from his far height
The blessed fields Elysian,
The Promised Land appeared in sight
And cheered his waning vision.
As from McGregor's lonely crest
With rev'rent hands we bear him
Who knoweth not, in painless rest,
How ill the world can spare him.

Be Kind to the Aged.

Be kind to the aged who sorrow have known,
Whose way has been rugged and steep ;
Now, over the hill, who are treading alone
The valley where shadows lie deep.

With reverence look on their whitening hair
That a halo of glory appears ;
A beautiful crown like an aureole fair
Bequeathed to the fullness of years.

Be kind to the aged whose counsels have been
Like blessings from patriarch-lips ;
A richer possession than any within
The wealth-laden Orient-ships.

Ere long we shall miss them, for soon it must be
Their tottering footsteps shall reach
The shore of that limitless, unexplored sea
That breaks on Eternity's beach.

Be kind to the aged — the cycle of Time
As swiftly-revolving shall bring
The winter of Life with its desolate rime
To you, who are now in its spring.

Then brighten their pathway, their burden take on
Till Life with its trials be past;
'Twill be a sweet thought when from earth they are
gone,
And Heaven will bless you at last.

October.

Oh, what can rival Nature's charms,
O'er all the woodlands lying,
When "Autumn folds her jeweled arms
Around the year," now dying!

With fresh surprise on every hand,
But not one hue that's sober,
A nameless charm invests the land
In radiant, rare October.

What splendor everywhere displayed
In lavishness unsparing!
'Tis Nature's own "grand dress parade,"
Her full regalia wearing.

Fair, blooming Spring, in robes of green,
That once we deemed enchanting,
Grows pale when Autumn, gorgeous queen,
Her royal robes are flaunting.

The loveliest tints that Nature hath
Were blent and concentrated
Around one bright, sequestered path,
Wherein I walked, elated.

The maples and the beeches tried
To prove each other duller,
And lent to all the mountain side
Luxuriance of color.

The sumacs, in their scarlet hoods,
Stood proudly up, defying
The tallest monarch of the woods,
All gorgeous, in their dying.

The ivy, clinging to the oak,
Looked down, serenely blushing,
And though no sound the silence broke,
I marked her hectic flushing.

The leaves, that rustled to my tread,
Glanced up but to discover
Bright tints of gold, and brown, and red,
In branches bending over.

Such beauties all a hand bespeak
With heavenly skill acquainted;
The hand that gives the rose's cheek
Its hue, divinely painted.

May wondrous Nature long retain
The glories that enrobe her,
And chill November not disdain
To emulate October.

A keepsake.

With treasures so dear that words cannot portray
How much of my life they enfold,
Are two silver dollars, safe hidden away,
More precious than jewels or gold,
In the innermost space of an odorous drawer,
In the labyrinth haunts of my *escritoire*.

If thousands of others just like them were mine,
Bright disks of the currency art,
Like beautiful offerings laid on a shrine,
I'd solemnly keep them apart,
As sacred to one, whose beneficent hand
More bountiful was than I dared to demand.

I argued one day how much butter and bread
They would buy — it was only a whim —
For then I remembered the donor, and said
I'd keep them — mementoes of him.
Oh, may he live long and prosperity know,
And Earth for his sake wear her loveliest glow!

I wish I were pious enough to bring down
A blessing direct from the skies !
It should not go begging all over the town
For some one in heavenly guise
To claim the dear boon ; upon him it should rest
By whom are the needy made happy and blest.

When Roses Bloom Again.

With wasted form and countenance,
Too frail and weak to rise,
An ever-longing, questioning glance
Within her earnest eyes,
Upon her couch the sufferer lay,
And watched the slow hours pass away.

We bathed her brow, so young and fair,
And touched her fading cheek
With gentle hand, but did not dare
Our trembling fears to speak ;
But trusted care and skill to know,
And baffle Life's insidious foe.

We said, " The winter shall be gone,
And, whisp'ring through the trees,
And o'er the sun-crowned, grassy lawn,
Spring-time's refreshing breeze
With healing wings shall sweep the plain,
And bring her roses back again."

“The balmy air, the bright sunshine,
The odor of the flowers,
The song of birds, shall all combine,
In coming vernal hours,
To cheat disease, and soon restore
To life its blush and bloom once more.”

As in each heart this hopeful thought
Grew every day more dear,
Beside her, though we knew it not,
An angel hovered near,
Unseen, and beckoned her away
To realms of everlasting day.

Ere winter passed, was made a grave
Beneath the frozen sod;
And in the spring shall grasses wave
Where we in sadness trod,
And roses shall their sweet perfume
Exhale above a narrow tomb.

Dear heart, that never harbored guile,
In thought, mature and wise,
A being, lent to earth awhile,
But fitted for the skies;
Why weep that she is freed from pain
Before the roses bloom again?

Indian Summer.

Again that Unseen Hand hath wrought
Brown, amber tints, and gory!
And, lo! October woods have caught
Their true autumnal glory!

A welcome, cordial and sincere,
Awaits this tardy comer,
The gem of each recurring year,
Delightful Indian Summer!

A touch of frost upon the trees
Has set them all a-glowing!
On leaves, that dally in the breeze,
Their matchless hues bestowing!

While mountain slopes reveal a scene
Of undisputed splendor,
Far brighter lies the vale between,
In sunset raptures tender.

The faintest zephyr breath that stirs
Fair nature's calm reposing,
Provokes a shower of chestnut-burrs
Their hidden wealth disclosing.

Where purple-clustered muscatels
In dewy lanes are fragrant,
The bumble-bee in ambush dwells,
A loitering, idle vagrant !

A dreamy, atmospheric haze
O'er hill and vale is lying,
As, passing fair, the year displays
Her "matchless charms" — in dying.

Thus beautiful, when touched by rime
Of age, by God's disposing,
Should life, like Indian Summer time,
Be brightest in its closing.

A Song.

I've been so happy all day long !
As though some new, delightful song
Were in my heart, and thrilled it where
Before were sorrow, pain, and care.

The world is brighter — every thought
With love and thankfulness is fraught ;
'Mid daily toil or evening rest,
At every hour, my soul is blest.

And each succeeding moment brings
The light of gladness on its wings :
While, seemingly, there hovers near
An angel-form, my heart to cheer.

Footsteps, accustomed long to roam,
Have found, at last, their wished-for home ;
And in contentment, tread the way
From which they may not, dare not stray.

O, may my life be e'er imbued
With joy that comes from doing good :
And in thine all-embracing care
Keep me, my Father, is my prayer!

The Church of the Good Shepherd.

Beyond the smoke, beyond the sound
Of crowded habitation,
With gables quaint and steeple crowned,
It stands upon a rise of ground
Of charming situation ;
And city folk as Christians found,
With rural dwellers miles around,
Make up the congregation.

Beyond obnoxious dust and heat,
By ancient elms surrounded,
An edifice unique and neat
As choice suburban country-seat
Its patroness hath founded,
In whose calm Sabbath-like retreat
From choir and organ anthems sweet
Of praise have long resounded.

A vast symmetric pile, ornate
With arch and cantalever,
With tiles antique that tessellate
The spacious roof elaborate;
And spire suggesting ever
A thought of Him supremely great
Who doth approve and stimulate
Each nobly-meant endeavor.

Rare arabesques like raveled lace,
From architrave to ceiling,
Embellish niches that encase
Fair cherubim, in classic grace
The sculptor's art revealing,
That overlook the chancel-space
Like sentinels to guard the place
When waiting saints are kneeling.

Oh, not in temples thus upreared
And richly decorated,
Our fathers worshiped, who revered
The God they loved no less than feared,
But humbly congregated
In sylvan shades to them endeared
As Bethels where, till He appeared,
They fasted, prayed, and waited.

Forever blest the hand that brings,
Rebuking pride and malice,
This noblest, best of offerings —
The gift that speaketh better things
From wealth's o'erflowing chalice,
Than monuments to buried kings,
Or ostentatious pomp that clings
Around some stately palace.

May all who throng its transept take
New zeal from that old story
Of One "as man who never spake,"
Till notes of gratitude shall break
The solemn offertory,
And labor wrought for Jesus' sake
This "Church of the Good Shepherd" make
The gateway unto glory.

To One Unknown.

Although I know not who thou art,
Or if we're near, or far apart,
Thou hast completely won my heart,
 My dear incognito!
And all my fancies round thee twine,
Whose footsteps seem to follow mine, —
The reason why I can't divine, —
 No matter where I go.

If I, when care-oppressed and lone,
Discouraged by an undertone
Of sadness, not by right my own,
 Could fly to one like thee,
Whatever ills might mark my lot,
I'd bear in resignation, wrought
Of hope-inspiring counsel fraught
 With love and sympathy.

Oh, thought-environed mystery!
Because of my perplexity,
The day's sweet grace is lost to me;
 Thou hovering entity!
Why dost thou coyly veil thy face,
And hide securely every trace
That leadeth to thy dwelling-place,
 And thy identity?

Why may I not, dear angel true,
Entreat from thee my rightful due,
Just one delightful interview?

So long I've pondered o'er
What ever led thee to commence,
Without the slightest recompense,
A course of true beneficence
At my unworthy door.

Assured of thy sincere regard,
I should be happy, were life marred
By Fortune's buffets, rude and hard;

Be blest were I untaught,
Obscure, devoid of courtesy,
To win from one I know must be
All goodness and urbanity
So oft a friendly thought.

I've sketched thee, often and again,
Upon the tablet of my brain,
And there the picture must remain

As long as life shall last.
For Mem'ry's hand, though thou art gone,
Shall kindly, ever and anon,
Bring back the image, fancy drawn,
When fleeting years have passed.

Perchance we ne'er shall mingle here
In thought, or drop a grief-ful tear
Together o'er a common bier,
Or recreate in mirth;
Then may we clasp each other's hand
Within the borders of that land,
Where we shall meet and understand
The mysteries of earth.

Watch Hill.

But yesterday the gayest throng
That ever sojourned by the sea,
With billows wrestled, brave and strong,
Or shone in festal halls, where song
And minuet held revelry.

O'er watery courses flying yachts,
Competitors fraternal, sped ;
Their "logs" recording wondrous knots,
Till, far from view, but meager dots
The overstraining vision led.

But crafty shark and monster whale
May now disport where these have been,
Unterrified by gay taffrail
Of pleasure-craft whose pennon sail
Some landsman's hand hath gathered in.

But yesterday the invalid,
As gazing o'er the sea's expanse,
Would fain have made his grave amid
Its mysteries, forever hid
From cold unsympathetic glance.

Beneath as lovely sunset skies
As Oriental lands may claim,
Chance lovers breathed regretful sighs
That ere another morn should rise,
The parting word their lips must frame.

To-day, where are the multitude
From Earth's remotest corners met,
Who followed each capricious mood
That restless fancy might obtrude,
As whimsical as gay coquette?

All, all are fled, deserted now
Are sea and shore and glistening bay ;
Forsaken Watch Hill's lonely brow
Confronts the elements that bow
To none but their Creator's sway.

In solitude one walks the shore
But yesterday by thousands trod,
And with a thrill unknown before
In Ocean's smile and Ocean's roar,
Beholds the majesty of God.

The Old Burping Ground.

O an old, old place it is,
Landmark of the centuries !
 Damp with mold, and dark with shade
 As secluded cloisters where,
Screened by stately colonnade,
Holy monks devotions paid ;
 Or upon mosaics bare
 Vestal virgins knelt in prayer.

Hidden in the very heart
Of the busy bustling mart,
 Where Life's ever-surging tide,
 Restless as the mighty sea,
Scarce its ripples doth divide ;
Save perchance when one aside
 Turns from curiosity,
 Some ancestral tomb to see.

Oldest habitant knows not
First when this sequestered spot
 Broken by the sexton's spade
 Place of sepulture became ;
Knoweth not if man or maid
In its primal cell was laid —
 So, in Death, dissolveth fame
 And the prestige of a name.

Under those columnar trees
May not aborigines,
 Sachems of their dusky clan,
 Pow-wow counselors, have let
Hatred of the pale-faced man
Circumvent all peaceful plan —
 Or their malice to forget
 Smoked the fragrant calumet?

Native traders may have come
Bartering wampum-shells for rum —
 Or in lieu of ready cash
 Tendered baneful nicotine;
Drinking from the calabash
Fire-water, making rash
 Promises that sequel-seen,
 Proved them treacherous and mean.

Here our sires beneath the sod —
Blest reposeure! — “rest in God”;
 So we read upon the stones
 Crumbling, leaning out of place,
Moldering like sepulchered bones,
Tottering like terrestrial thrones,
 While the saints whose names we trace
 Stand before the Father’s face.

An Underground Stream.

What hand, in ages long ago,
O subterranean river,
Restricted thus thy overflow,
And fixed thy bounds forever?

Why hidest thou in solitude?
Has some dark deed of slaughter,
Outcome of rash, despairing mood,
Stained thy pellucid water?

Within thy gloomy chiseled walls
Thy current roars and hisses
With maddening swiftness, till it falls
In deep and dark abysses.

No painted ship has ever crossed
The channel where thou flowest —
No summer's sun, nor winter's frost
Nor autumn fair thou knowest!

No dropping flower-petals sweet
Thy bosom ever freighted —
Thy rapid flow no truant feet
Have idly penetrated!

Thy coolness never slaked the thirst
Of deer, pursued and panting, —
Returning traveler ne'er rehearsed
A tale of thee enchanting!

No memory to thee recurs
Of merry sons and daughters —
Of gay picnicking revelers
Encamped beside thy waters!

Nor time nor season shalt thou know
In thy dark habitation,
As age on age shall come and go,
And nation follow nation.

The centuries have riveted
Thy rock-ribbed walls around thee,
And to thy adamantine bed
Eternity hath bound thee.

Fannie.

We dressed her in her bridal robes
Of filmy texture rare,
And orange blossoms gaily twined
Amid her shining hair;
As in the joy of festal hours,
Serene with hope and pride,
We sent her forth in life's sweet morn,
A loved and happy bride.

A few short months, there came a day
When up the village street
A strange procession wound its way,
And hearts in sadness beat ;
For Fannie dear came back to us
By floral offerings hid,
In wedding garments, as before,
But 'neath her coffin lid.

“There is a Reaper,” sang the choir,
“Whose name is Death.” How clear
Rang out the hymn, in solemn chant,
Above her snow-white bier !
And Bible words were read about
The New Jerusalem,
Where God transplants our fairest flowers
As He hath need of them.

A sadder welcome ne'er was given
To one whose merry voice,
As though it were but yesterday,
Made all our hearts rejoice.
A grave upon the sunny hill,
A dear, familiar spot,
Received the form that once was full
Of life, and love, and thought.

It seems as though a bird had flown,
And its forsaken nest
Is that sad home, so brief a time
By her sweet presence blest ;
But, sorrow-stricken and bereft,
To Heaven we raise our eyes,
Where she, with angel plumage on,
Now sings in Paradise.

Alone.

The days are so long and so dreary to me,
In solitude wrapped like a pall,
I wish Heaven would send me some comforting friend,
Who would lovingly answer my call.

My heart is o'erburdened with sorrow and care,
My life is enshrouded in gloom ;
I would that some light from that Heaven so bright
My desolate way would illumine.

I thought, in the happy, bright days of my youth,
This world was made only for me ;
But how changed it appears now, as seen through my
tears
How gloomy and sad it would be.

"The waters encompass me!"—ready to sink,
I utter this agonized prayer,
That my bark, tempest-tossed, be not utterly lost
Beneath the dark waves of despair.

I read of the saints and the martyrs of old,
Who so valiantly fought the good fight,
And received their reward from the hands of their
Lord,
A crown in that land of delight.

And I long for the faith that takes hold upon God,
When the swift-surfing billows roll by,
That can look up and sing, while I trustfully cling
To the Rock that is higher than I.

I long for that tranquil and undisturbed rest,
When doubts and forebodings shall cease,
And when God shall impart to my sorely-tried heart
The sweet consolation of peace.

Ode to Tennyson.

My lord! the laurels thou dost wear
By favor of a queen's command,
Around our brow we would not dare
To twine, nor from the royal hand
Accept emoluments that bear
Thine ancient, honored peerage brand.

For Pegasus lends not his aid
To us—so prodigal to thee
That thou dost revel, undismayed,
On pinnacles of poesy,
Whose far-off strains thy name have made
A synonym for mystery.

O prince of modern oracles !
Why speakest thou, in occult lore,
Inscrutable, deep parables,
That we have pondered o'er and o'er,
And owned, in lucid intervals,
That never thus spake man before ?

Great laureate ! across the sea,
A worshiper in foreign land,
We lift our eyes admiringly,
And offer our fraternal hand ;
Although thy freaks of fancy free,
Alas ! we do not understand.

But, since we cannot reach thy heights,
Thou bard of rich experience !
Nor feel the rapture that incites
Thy marvelous magniloquence,
Come down, from thy aërial flights,
To unpretending, humble sense !

Write one delightful lyric, sung
In language so direct and plain
That it shall move our facile tongue
To glibness it cannot restrain,
And that shall linger long among
The cherished treasures of our brain.

Descend to common folk, like us,
Soar not above the brilliant sun,
Be sympathizing, chivalrous,
To those who have not glory won;
Thou poet peer magnanimous,
O dim, mysterious Tennyson!

Apple Blossoms.

The fairest flowers of all I see,
Whose fragrance sweet is wafted me,
Are those which crown the apple-tree;
In calyx red, with petals white,
The lily and the rose unite
To render each a lovely sight.

Beneath the apple-tree I stand,
My cheek by zephyrs softly fanned,
As sweet as winds from Ceylon's land;
While rose-crowned boughs above me sway
To every spring-bird's joyous lay
That wakes to song the breath of May.

The violets, that star their bed
With eyes of azure hue, are led
To view the gorgeous scene o'erhead ;
Where clusters rich of pink and white
The breezes woo by day and night,
With whisperings of pure delight.

'Mid glowing warmth of noon-day skies
The bee from out his prison flies,
And, provident, seeks his supplies
From honeyed cells of blooming things ;
And while he loads his dusky wings
With sweetest nectar, gayly sings.

While buds are to perfection wrought,
A song, with tender memories fraught,
Just sings itself into my thought,
Of a half-forgotten apple-bough,
That blossomed once as these do now,
And shaded oft my fevered brow.

O apple blooms ! the lips are gone
That sang of you one golden dawn,
But, fresh and sweet, ye still bloom on
And all the air with perfume fill ;
And with your beauty hearts shall thrill
When the voice that praises you is still.

Pansies.

Pansies, pansies everywhere !
Just one blooming acre —
Single, double, dark, and fair,
Reigning favorites, their parterre
Recompensing skill and care
Of some pansy-maker.

Innocent and saucy-eyed,
Looking straight to heaven,
Some are standing close beside
Others drooping, mortified,
As if to their conscious pride
Rude rebuff were given.

One there is that looks to me,
Tall and slim and speckled,
Like a true facsimile
Of a female that I see
Every day, a spinster she,
Angular and freckled.

Still another, dewy wet,
Pink, with edges golden,
Like grandmother's china set,
Given to her namesake pet
Years ago ; she has it yet,
Heirloom quaint and olden.

Every color 'neath the sun !
In each fair creation
Seems a miracle were done,
While we slumbered, by some one,
But the florist answers, "None !
Only cultivation."

Pansies in the market sold,
Gathered from the valleys ;
Royal texture like the old-
Fashioned velvet marigold,
Petals lapping, fold on fold,
Round each fragrant chalice.

Hearts-ease on a plaque I see,
Artist Laura painted ;
Talent of a high degree,
Real pansy-gift, hath she,
And with fame will doubtless be
Very soon acquainted.

Pansy blossoms in my room,
Making me sad-hearted ;
For I saw their purple bloom
And inhaled their sweet perfume
Once above a little tomb,
In the years departed.

Eyes of blue that softly beamed
Had that angel sister ;
Golden hair like sunlight gleamed
In her coffin, and it seemed
That of her we always dreamed,
And forever missed her.

July.

The poets all their lyres attune
To sing of leafy, golden June
When Nature dons her gala dress,
And crowns the earth with loveliness ;
But, sweltering with fervent heat
That in July is hard to beat,
They all with one accord deny
There's any beauty in July.

Why, in July the world's aglow
With richer tints, a grander show
Than ever yet awoke their praise
For June's entrancing, radiant days !
For flower, and leaf, and everything
Reflects the promise of the Spring,
And June's incipient plan and thought
July has to perfection wrought.

The bright mid-day of all the year —
Its radiator — now is here,
Arrayed in hues of deepest dyes ;
Oh, for the power to crystallize
Into an icicle, and cling —
A humid, pensile, cooling thing —
To some old roof-tree while July,
In burning splendor, passes by !

The Shepherds of Judea.

O favored people ! just as bright
The halo round their name to-day
As when they watched their flocks by night
While in the manger Jesus lay ;
When from the skies an angel-throng
Looked down upon the wondrous scene,
And in exultant, choral song
Awoke the hills of Palestine.

These shepherd-men exemplified
True kindness in word and look ;
And called their sheep unto their side,
And in their arms the lambkins took
So gently that beyond a doubt
As loving, tender hearts were theirs
As ever poured their fullness out
In honest, earnest, humble prayers.

No harshness moved the patient lip,
No hand e'er dealt a cruel blow,
For care and long companionship
Of gentle things had made them so ;
And yet, if near their precious fold
Might danger lurk in cave or den —
Rapacious beast, or robber bold —
They could be stern like other men.

The fleecy covering of their flocks
Became their own, while flowing hair
In unconfined, uncared-for locks
Surrounding foreheads bronzed and bare,
And patriarchal beard that fell
Upon each weather-beaten breast,
The story plainly seemed to tell
No thought of self their minds distressed.

What theme inspired their social talk ?
For naught could be the world to them,
The circuit of whose daily walk
But girt the plains of Bethlehem ;
In palaces and works of art,
And scenes of revelry approved
By royalty, they bore no part —
Nor envyings their spirits moved.

And if perchance they ever heard
Of pompous king or glittering court,
Or felt the passing interest stirred
By pageantry of armed cohort —
Contented, peaceful sons of Earth! —
They wondered, when the crests were gone,
How life the living could be worth
So diametric to their own.

Perchance on some celestial night
Delicious, clear, though wanting stars,
When moonbeams poured their mellow light
Though olive-boughs in silver bars,
Recounted one in sympathy
How briers held some bleating lamb
Till his the hand that set it free,
Restored it to its frantic dam.

Or of a hungry lion bold
That overleaped the rugged wall
And seized the firstling of the fold,
The choicest jewel 'mong them all;
When to the rescue swiftly came
Those ever-faithful servitors
Which, though a pedigree might claim,
Appeared but gaunt and savage curs.

So, in exterior, were they
Scarce comelier than their shepherd-dogs —
Yet they revered the Sabbath-day
And went up in the synagogues
And heard the law, which they believed ;
And gave to God their offerings,
From whom a wisdom they received
Surpassing far the lore of kings.

O shepherds ! on Judean plains
Who sang your simple, pastoral songs
And kept your vigils, earth contains
A remnant yet to whom belongs
That heritage of faith and trust,
As nature pure and free from art,
The child-like feeling that we *must*
“ Love God with all our mind and heart. ”

For echoes still that matchless strain,
The symphony by seraphs sung,
And thrills the world with its refrain
Wherever joy hath found a tongue ;
From mountain-top and sunny vale,
From desert waste and wooded glen
Unnumbered throngs the tidings hail
Of “ Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men. ”

The Smell of Grapes.

Oh ! fine as musk, invisible,
Impalpable — as odors are —
Luxurious and wonderful
As essence from those isles afar
Where sweet amomum, cinnamon,
And all delicious spices grow,
Is their perfume, for dew and sun
And rain combine to make it so.

And while beneath an autumn sky
The atmosphere is redolent,
Within my hammock long I lie,
And breathe the grapes' unrivaled scent;
Then close my eyes and dream I see,
Beyond Atlantic's broad expanse,
The vineyard slopes of Italy,
Or vintages of happy France.

Judea's hills before me rise,
That "milk-and-honey" land renowned
In Bible story, where the spies
The famous "grapes of Eshcol" found.
Upon the air of Palestine
What must have been the burden great
Of fragrance, equaling the mean
Of their recorded size and weight !

I live a charming period o'er
Of reveling in sunny Spain,
And view, as from Gibraltar's shore,
Her fields of waving golden grain;
Her castles, villas, fair coquettes,
Her honest *bourgeois*, peasantry,
And oh! the sight one ne'er forgets —
Her wine-producing husbandry.

But, looking from my casement near,
At ten o'clock, down in the shade,
Instead of some gay cavalier
To charm me with a serenade,
What are those figures, one by one,
With stealthy steps and ragged shapes?
Why, by "the smell" I might have known —
They are the boys who steal my grapes!

Midsummer.

Was ever such caloric spilt
Upon the desert air?
Ere flaccid flesh shall further wilt,
Oh, for a train, by Vanderb(u)ilt,
To take us to those regions where
The Esquimaux and polar bear
Are reveling in their frozen lair!

The greenest leaves are curling up,
The streams are running dry,
The marigold and buttercup
Are drooping, thirsting for a sup
Of some refreshing balm, while I
Am trying hard to smother my
Anathemas, O hot July !

The pavements are like burning stones ;
One hesitates to pass,
For fear that flesh and blood and bones,
The real wealth a person owns,
Will be transformed into a mass
Of radiance, like molten brass,
Or vapor igneous as gas.

My neighbors all their blinds have drawn,
And closed the portal tight,
And hid the hammock from the lawn —
They hope to make me think they 've gone
Down to the sea for pure delight ;
But I just know — I have no spite —
They 're in the back yard day and night.

As milk will sour, so turneth fast
My temper (never sweet) ;
Uncertain 't is how long will last
Cette métamorphose, but, when past,

Pray, what "corrective" shall I eat?
 For those experts who "can't be beat"
 Declare that *sugar* gives out heat.

They 're putting on — how kind they are! —
 For that excursion, drawing nigh,
 A big "refrigerator car,"
 To take us down to Ocean Bar.
 Oh, packed in ice, how sweet to lie!
 If envious crowds were standing by,
 'T would be a luxury thus to die.

An Episode of the Rink.

A lovely minister was he,
 Endorsed by young and old,
 The doctor's pretty daughter she,
 And worth her weight in gold.
 A happy, handsome pair were they,
 Of wide and good renown,
 In popular diversions gay,
 Who fairly led the town.

"*Ma belle*," said he, "maybe you'll think
 It highly hazardous,
 But seems to me the skating rink
 Is just the thing for us!"

No need of further argument;
That very self-same day
Unto the roller-place they went,
To whirl their lives away.

“Oh, what enchanting exercise!
It seems as though my soul
Would float away to yonder skies,
Defying all control.”

So spake the rapturous maiden, when,
Like something out of gear,
Two soles began to float just then
In upper atmosphere.

Did stumbling mortal ever yet
Collapse, and crack his crown,
Who did not drag as in a net
Some fellow-creature down?

And so the novice who would cut
A figure, when she can't,
Not only “brings the house down,” but
Her own adored gallant.

Of course, without a thought of harm,
And quite in modern taste,
His all-protecting dexter arm
Was coiled around her waist.

So with a change of base, his toes
Obliged to follow suit,
Somehow brought round a broken nose,
And a twisted leg—to boot.

About that time the world was made
Of crooked lightning-bars,
And in the intervals displayed
Were twenty million stars.

A hapless, helpless pile they lay,
Two hearts that beat as one
In vowing ne'er again to pay
So dearly, just for fun.

Peaches.

Peaches, peaches! everywhere
See the tempting baskets stand!
Luscious fruit from Delaware,
Ruddy cheeks from Maryland.

Orchards of the sunny South,
In surprising plentitude,
Furnish freely every mouth
Appetizing, dainty food.

Peaches in the market stalls,
Peaches vended on the street
By the rogue who seldom hauls
Peaches good enough to eat.

Dealers a bonanza reap
From the blushing favorites,
While their cry of "Peaches cheap!"
Gathers in the silver bits.

What delicious nectar pure
Velvet cuticles enclose!
Pampered taste of epicure
No more toothsome flavor knows.

There *are* peaches tough as vice —
Acrid as a sharp retort!
Dear were they at half their price —
And, besides, of measure short.

Who is wise would rather tramp
Weary miles than eat of these;
Colic, cholera, and cramp
Lurk beneath their indices.

What are peaches minus cream,
Just enough to smother in?
Till the juicy quarters seem
Buried isles of coralline.

Tender freestones, mellow clings,
Nectarines without a scar —
Every one a picture brings
Of redundant groves afar,

Where the languid natives lie
Under peach-trees day by day,
Visage looking to the sky —
Picking peaches? — No! not they!

Waiting for the fruit to drop
In each facial orifice!
Surely, plan for gathering crop
Never labor saved as this.

Peaches, peaches! everywhere
Trains are carrying thick and fast!
Luxuries that all may share
Ere "peach-season" shall have passed.

My Dear Religious Paper.

It always comes when I am blue,
And oh! the comfort in it!
I just perspire to read it through
In less than half a minute.

A lovely sermon I commence
About the "loaves and fishes" —
Then drift into advertisements
Of "Amberina" dishes.

I read and re-peruse with care
And heartily endorse it,
An item telling how to wear
"A skirt-supporting corset."

I meditate, "How true it is,
I am my brother's keeper!"
And lo! behold where groceries
Are sold a trifle cheaper.

It bids my drooping spirits rise
And, as to speak it louder,
In capitals before my eyes
Puts "Royal Baking Powder."

There's one to whom I always go
When weary and down-hearted —
Dear "Lydia Pinkham!" — just as though
She never had departed.

In simple trust when I would cling
Unto the "Rock of Ages,"
I read that "Glue's" the proper thing —
And "Vegetine" the rage is.

And when for strength I humbly pray
Some impish scion titters :
“ Why, don't you know, the papers say
To try ‘ Red Jacket Bitters.’ ”

I shudder at the thought of sin,
Its fearful avalanches ;
And then get interested in
“ Cow-boys and Cattle-ranches.”

I wish my life were more like Paul's —
Devoted, nobler, truer —
Then somehow get submerged in “ Hall's
Sicilian Hair Renewer.”

My aching heart suffused with grief
Pulsates a little faster
To know that there is sweet relief
Beneath a “ Porous Plaster.”

I read it through in every part,
So serious and solemn,
And then cut out and learn by heart
That “ awful funny ” column.

The times are hard — I cannot spare
A dime — much less a dollar —
But I must re-subscribe, and wear
A shirt without a collar.

I'll vegetate on sauer kraut —
Exist on airy vapor —
But never, never do without
“My dear religious paper.”

A Difference of Opinion.

Before the pile of blazing logs
A burgher in his kitchen sat,
His feet upon the fire-dogs,
His form encased in flaccid fat ;
And sipped his toddy from the mug
Whose foaming element was drawn
From that familiar, earthen jug
That toppers live and thrive upon.

A typic product of the land
Whose scions hold forever dear
The native, true, Teutonic brand
Of sparkling ale and lager beer ;
A jolly soul, like “Old King Cole,”
Of visage rubicund was he,
Who loved his meerschaum and his bowl
And boon companions' revelry.

The patient spouse who meekly shared
His home and toll, but not his glee,
The matutinal meal prepared
With quiet, quaint dexterity ;
But, while the smoking viands rolled
Their odor out, a smothered sigh
From her lymphatic partner told
That Death, unbidden guest, was nigh.

.

So, quickly sped the mystery ;
While proximate inhabitants,
Who preconceived how it would be,
Met each to each with knowing glance ;
And filled again the master's cup
And sympathy and sorrow told ;
And, while they drank its contents up,
His relict tenderly consoled.

The coroner and all his clique
Sat on the body, just as if
They meant to make the dead man speak
And tell how he became so stiff ;
As happens oft when one is drowned
The jurymen clear up the doubt
By sitting on the body found —
As if to squeeze the water out.

And thus they gave the cause of death ;
The savants as with one accord
Agreed “ ’t was either want of breath,
Or visitation from the Lord ! ”
The neighbors whispered “ Too much beer ! ”
But we, more liberal inclined,
Suggest with honesty sincere,
“ It might have been all three combined ? ”

“ The Cup that Cheers.”

Dear “ Lib,” I shall not soon forget
The pleasure of that day,
And owe you one delicious debt
I never hope to pay.

To “ resurrect ” my coffee-pot
Became my chief employ,
And never yet was labor fraught
With more abundant joy.

It seemed to me a cruel age
Since I had heard it boil
With aromatic beverage
That compensated toil.

I followed your directions through,
Unto the "bitter end" —
I mean, of course, the end in view —
But you will comprehend.

With cream as thick as "Patent glue,"
I mixed it, — half and half, —
And thought of rare "ambrosial dew"
Divinities might quaff.

The miseries of other years,
As if in an eclipse,
Were hidden in "the cup that cheers"
Whene'er it touched my lips.

I drank your dear, delightful health
In steaming fragrance sweet ;
And had I any surplus wealth,
I'd lay it at your feet.

If my ship ever reaches shore,
You shall be rightful heir, —
When I have told my ducats o'er, —
To all I have to spare.

Don't let my generous projects, though,
More brilliant prospects mar ;
I merely thought you'd like to know
What my intentions are.

A sad reflection, is it not,
That one can scarce restrain,
That pleasure, how or where 't is sought,
Is so allied to pain ?

And so, while memory holds the cup
From whence delight I drew,
That hideous night that “used me up,”
Will be remembered, too.

Oh ! ghosts of unforgiven crimes !
That dissipating draught,
Ere morning dawned, a thousand times,
I wished I'd never quaffed.

I watched the clock, and every stroke
I counted, until two —
And faintly hoped, till daylight broke,
I'd somehow “worry through.”

Nobody knows when it begun,
But sleep I must have got,
Because I dreamed the world was one
Tremendous coffee-pot.

I thought the mighty ocean wide,
Was one *enormous* cup
Of fragrant nectar — and I cried
Because I'd drunk it up.

I've learned, by dear experience,
My duty now — and here's
My latest vow — *forever* hence,
To shun "the cup that cheers."

Per favor of my haunting muse,
This "wail of woe" I've penned,
And trust your goodness to excuse
The freedom of — A FRIEND.

Helping the Door.

A comely Hoosier maid was she,
Bewitching, fair, and adipose;
In anecdote and repartee
Amusing, witty, and verbose.

A package came to her address—
We opened it by candlelight—
Whose contents we but dared to guess,
While she declared "'t was dynamite."

But, no; in smiling rows there lay
The masterpiece of dental skill,
As we supposed, in every way
Designed according to her will.

Deceitful teeth were hid before
Behind her honest crimson lips,
Like seeds within a melon core,
And brown as Saratoga chips.

But this, the whitest ivory set,
The kind that grows upon the trees —
Oh! not the set, we quite forget —
The bone, the stuff, or, what you please.

But, ah! the skilled artificer
Had lost his pattern or his tools;
For, as it proved, they never were
Cut out by wisdom's simple rules.

"The bungling craftsman is insane,"
Said she, "or else southwest by south;
And when I seek his den again,
I'll make him look down in the mouth!"

She tried them on — that is to say,
She tried them in; they would n't fit,
When, never daunted, ever gay,
Her mind conceived this happy hit.

'T was in that time when, o'er the land,
Long-legged insects had devoured
All verdure green on every hand —
Yea, everything that leaved or flowered.

The dearth of crops that far and wide
Impoverished many a household place,
Discouraged farmers sorely tried,
And famine stared them in the face.

When from a nation's affluence ran
Abundant streams of kindness,
Relieving many a hapless man,
And saving families from distress.

So, to our friend this thought arose,
Amid our laughter, unrepressed :
" I b'lieve I'll send my teeth to those
Grasshopper sufferers out West ! "

Crescent Beach.

O Crescent Beach ! That day shall be
A treasured one in memory,
That lured me from my distant home,
Upon thy lovely shores to roam ;

To linger, with enraptured glance
O'er ocean's limitless expanse,
Half-wishing that, before my eyes,
Fair Aphrodite might arise,

Or, from their hidden, watery cells
In myriad rainbow-colored shells,
Nereides, with dripping locks,
Might grace the rough, Neptunian rocks,

Defying, in their revelry,
That ancient monarch of the sea,
Whose trident marks his lordly reign
O'er every creature of the main.

I watched the countless-dimpled smile
Illuminate thy waters, while
The wish, unconscious, half-expressed,
That I might find therein sweet rest.

I'd just as soon, beneath the wave
Return my life to Him who gave,
Or let my bones forever bleach
Upon the sands of Crescent Beach.

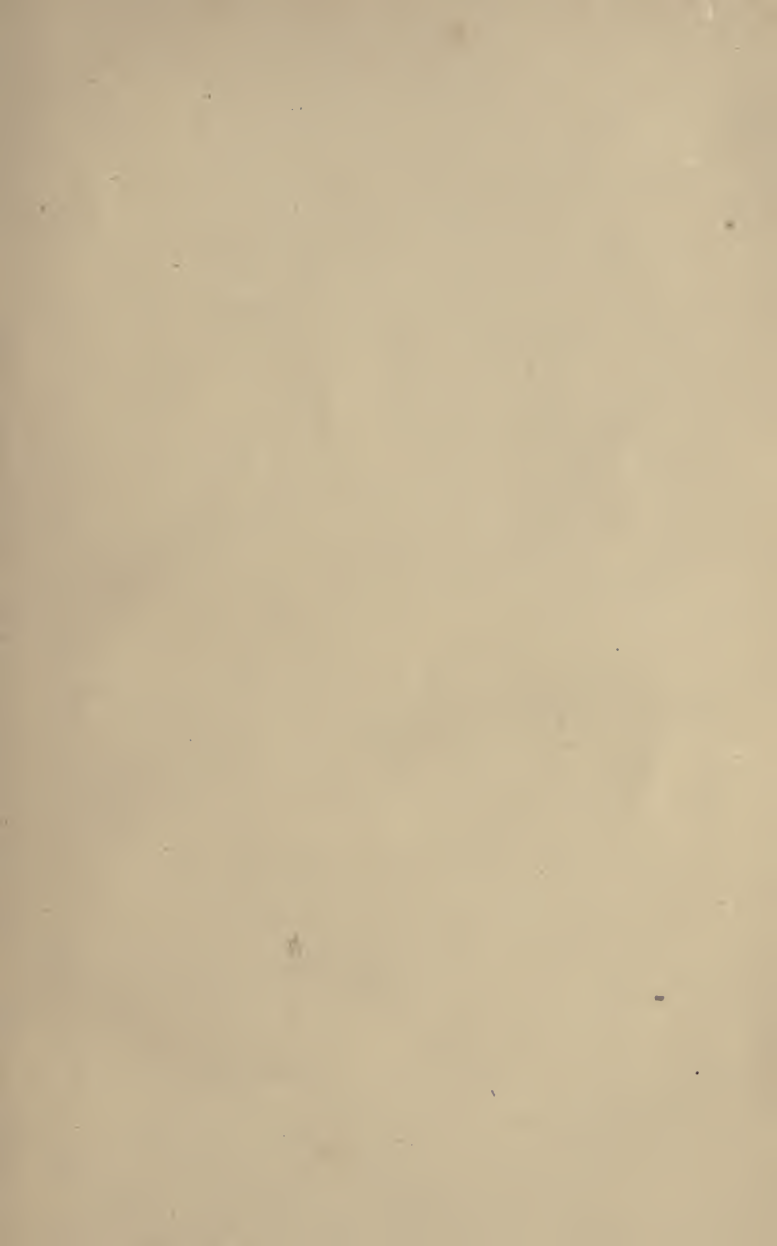
Throughout the years, each breaking wave
Should be a tear-drop o'er my grave,
And every scintillating gem
Unite to sing my requiem.

Of Him who taught beside the sea
Of ever-blessed Galilee,
His true disciples meet to teach
Beside the waves at Crescent Beach.

Resounding voices on the shore
Commingle with the ocean's roar,
And wonderful sweet harmonies
Are caught by every passing breeze.

The fragrant, flower-besprinkled sod
Re-echoes prayer and praise to God ;
And Crescent Beach, in beauty crowned,
Becomes enchanted, hallowed ground.

They who the Saviour's name revere
Shall here unite from year to year,
Till o'er our land the fame shall reach
Of Christians met at Crescent Beach.



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